The Nebraska Advertiser.

DEVOTED TO ART, SCIENCE, AGRICULTURE, COMMERCE, NEWS, POLITICS, GENERAL INTELLIGENCE AND THE INTERESTS OF NEBRASKA.

VOL. II. CITY OF BROWNVILLE, NEMAHA COUNTY, N. T., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1857. NO. 13.

Nebraska Advertiser

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W. FURNAS,

Second Street, bet. Main and Water, (Lake's Block,) BROWNVILLE, N. T.

TERMS:

Single copy if paid in advance, - - $2,00
" " if not at the end of 6 months, 2,50
" " " " " 12 " 3,00
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Half Column, three months,	13,00
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All legal advertisements charged double the above rates.

Advertisements on the inside exclusively will be charged extra.

BOOK AND FANCY

JOB PRINTING!

Foster's Job Press, 2,500 per hour.

Having added to the Advertiser Office Card and Job Presses, New Types of the latest styles, Inks of all colors, Bronzes, Fine Paper, Envelopes, &c.; we are now prepared to execute Job Work of every description in a Style unsurpassed by any other office in the United States.

Particular attention will be given to orders from a distance—in having them promptly attended to.

The Proprietor, who, having had an extensive experience, will give his personal attention to this branch of business, and hopes, in his endeavors to please, both in the excellence of his work, and reasonable charges, to receive a share of the public patronage.

BUSINESS CARDS.

BROWNVILLE.

A. S. HOLLADAY, M. D.
SURGEON, PHYSICIAN
And Obstetrician.
BROWNVILLE, N. T.;
Solicits a share of public patronage, in the various branches of his profession, from the citizens of Brownville and vicinity.

MISS MARY TURNER,
MILLINER
And Dress Maker.
First Street, between Main and Water,
BROWNVILLE, N. T.
Bonnets and Trimmings always on hand.

C. W. WHEELER,
ARCHITECT AND BUILDER.
FIRST BET. MAIN AND WATER STS.
Brownville, N. T.

JAMES W. GIBSON,
BLACKSMITH
Second Street, between Main and Nebraska,
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

G. W. HURN.
DEPUTY COUNTY SURVEYOR,
NEMAHA CITY, N. T.
WILL attend promptly to all business in his profession when called on; such as subdiving Claims, laying out Town Lots, Drafting City Plats, etc., etc. 37-tf

OLIVER BENNETT, JAMES P. PISKE. WM. B. GARRIT. AUGUSTUS KNIGHT.
OLIVER BENNETT & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES,
NO. 87 MAIN STREET,
(Formerly, No. 101, Corner of Main and Locust.)
ST. LOUIS, MO.

WM. OSBORN.
DEALER IN
CLOCKS, WATCHES,
Jewelry, Plated Ware, Cutlery, Spoons, &c., &c.
Nebraska City, N. T.
☞ Engraving and Repairing done on short notice, and ALL WORK WARRANTED.

I. T. WHYTE & CO.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,
Queensware, Hardware,
Stoves, Furniture,
COUNTRY PRODUCE,
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

A True Narrative.

A Sudden Conversion.

In one of the northern towns of Vermont lived a young man, Daniel Bryan, a lawyer by profession. No one possessed the confidence of his friends more than he did, and no one was better calculated to secure the good will and friendship of all with whom he came in contact. Business poured in upon him, and he failed not to give the utmost satisfaction.

At the age of twenty-seven, Bryan took to himself a wife from among the most favored ones of the country.—Mary Felton experienced a strange pride when she gave her hand to the young lawyer, and if none envied her, many at least prayed that they might be equally fortunate.

But ere long a cloud came over the scene. Conviviality ran high among the members of the bar, and Bryan possessed one of those peculiar temperaments which at length gave the whole body and soul up to demon.—For three years he followed the social custom of the times without neglecting much of his business, but finally he sunk into the lowest pit of degradation. When at the age of five and thirty, he had become a confirmed drunkard.—He now neglected his clients altogether, for he could not remain sober long enough at any time to carry any case through court. The only business he now had on his hands was the collection of some debts.

On the evening of his thirty-fifth birth day he joined the Washingtonians, and once more his bright genius shone out upon the world. But it could not last long enough amid the examples of those who were his constant companions; he sank as rapidly as he had risen. In one short year from that time he was a miserably degraded thing. People who had left notes and accounts with him to collect called at his house, and upon inquiring of his wife where he could be found, she would tell them he was away. Poor woman, they could not bear to dispute with her, and they knew full well that the remains of Daniel Bryan were prostrate upon his bedroom floor.

One day a Mr. Vinson went to see him. Vinson had left notes and accounts to the amount of several thousand dollars with Bryan to collect, and he was anxious about them. His poor wife answered him as usual—that her husband had gone away.

"My dear madam," returned Mr. Vinson, "I know your misfortune, and I appreciate your feelings, but I must see your husband. If I can see him for one minute I can learn all I wish to know."

Mary Bryan spoke not a word, but with a tearful eye turned away and Mr. Vinson followed her. He found Bryan in a back room, stretched at full length upon the floor with a jug of Medford rum by his side. With much effort Vinson aroused the poor inebriate to a state of semi-consciousness, and asked him if he had done anything about the notes and accounts which he had left with him.

"Yes," answered the lawyer in a weak, hiccoughing voice. "I've had the money for you over a month. I've deducted the percentage, and you will find the rest in that trunk. Mary's got the key."

Mary Bryan was called in, the key was produced, and Mr. Vinson found his money—four thousand and some odd hundred of dollars—all right and safe.

In his worst moments Bryan never used for himself a single penny held in trust. Hundreds there were who worked hard to reclaim the wanderer, but without effect. Years went by and he sank lower and lower, yet his wife left him not. Her brother, a young lawyer named Moses Felton, often urged her to forsake her husband, at the same time offering her a comfortable home beneath his own roof, but she would not listen.

At length all hope was given up.—Week after week would the fallen man be drunk on the floor and not a day of real sobriety marked his course. I doubt if such another case was known. He was too low for conviviality, for those with whom he would have associated would not drink with him.

All alone in his office and chamber he still continued to drink, and even his very life seemed the offspring of his jug.

In early spring Moses Felton had a call to go to Ohio. Before he set out, he visited his sister. He offered to take her with him, but she would not go.

"But why stay you here?" urged her brother. "You are all faded way, and disease is upon you. Why should you live with such a brute?"

"Hush, Moses; speak not," answered the wife, keeping back the tears.—"I will not leave him now, but he will soon leave me. He cannot live much longer."

At that moment Daniel entered the apartment. He looked like a wanderer from the tomb. He had his hat on, and his jug in his hand.

"Ah,—Moses—how are ye?" he gasped for he could not speak plainly.

The visitor looked at him for a few moments in silence. Then, as his features assumed a cold stern expression, he said in strongly emphasied tones:

"Daniel Bryan, I have been your best friend but one. My sister is an angel—but mated with a demon. I have loved you, Daniel, as I never loved man before; you were noble, generous and kind, but I hate you now, for you are a perfect devil incarnate. Look at that woman. She is my sister—she might now live with me in comfort, only she will not do it while you are alive; yet when you die she will come to me. Thus do I pray that God will soon give her joys to my keeping. Now, Daniel, I do sincerely hope that the first intelligence which reaches me from my native place after I shall have reached my home, may be —THAT—YOU—ARE—DEAD!"

Bryan gazed upon the speaker some moments without speaking. 'Moses,' he at length said, "you are not in earnest."

"As true as Heaven, Daniel, I am. When I know that you are dead, I shall be happy, and not until then—so go on. Fill your jug and—

"Stop, Moses, I can reform."

"You cannot. It is beyond your power. You have had inducements enough to have reformed half the sinners of the creation, and yet you are now lower than ever before. Go and die, Sir, as soon as you can, for the moment that sees you thus shall find me among the mourners."

Bryan's eyes flashed and he drew himself proudly up. "Go," he said with a tone of the old, powerful sarcasm that had often electrified a jury, "go to Ohio, and I'll send you news.—Go, Sir, and watch the Post."

With these words Daniel Bryan hurled his jug into the fireplace, and while yet a thousand pieces were flying over the floor he strode from the house. Mary sank fainting on the floor. Moses bore her to a bed, and then having called in a neighbor, he hurried away for the stage was waiting.

For a month Daniel hovered over the brink of the grave, but he did not die.

"One gill of brandy will save you," said the doctor, who saw that the abrupt removal of all stimulants from a system that for long years had subsisted almost on nothing else, was nearly sure to prove fatal. "You can surely take a gill and not more."

"Aye," gasped the poor man, "take a gill and break my oath. Moses Felton shall never hear that brandy or rum killed me! If the want of it can kill me then let me die! But I won't die; I'll live till Moses Felton shall eat his words."

He did live! an iron will conquered the messenger death had sent, and Daniel Bryan lived. For one month he could not even walk without help. But he had help—joyful, playful help. Mary helped him.

A year passed away, and Moses Felton returned to Vermont. He entered the court house at Burlington, and Daniel Bryan was on the floor pleading for a young man who had been indicted for forgery. Felton started with surprise. Never before had Bryan looked so noble and commanding, and never before had such torrents of eloquence poured from his lips. The case was given to the jury and the youth was acquitted. The successful counsel turned from the court room, and he met Moses Felton.

They shook hands, but did not speak. When they reached a spot where no other could hear them, Bryan stopped. "Moses," he said, "do you remember the words you spoke to me a year ago?"

"I do, Daniel."

"Will you now take them back? Unsay them now and forever?"

"Yes, with all my heart."

"Then I am in part repaid."

"And what must be the remainder of the payment?" asked Moses.

"I must die an honest, unperjured man! The oath that has bound me thus far was made for life."

That evening Mary Bryan was among the happiest of the happy. No allusion was made in words to that strange scene of one year before; but Moses could read in the countenance of his sister and her husband the deep gratitude they did not speak.

And Daniel Bryan yet lives, one of the most honored men of Vermont.—Five times has he sat in the State Legislature; thrice in the Senate, and once in the National Congress; and he is yet an ornament to society, declining all offers of public offices, from the fact that his profession is more lucrative, while plenty of others want the offices which he cares not for.

The Farm.

From the Valley Farmer.

Culture of Wheat.

The history of nations can furnish no parallel to the increase of population, the rise, progress and improvement in the various arts and sciences in the United States. The improvements in Agriculture and agricultural implements and machines, although great within the last fifteen years, have hardly kept pace with the improvements in some other departments of industry. Until recently agriculture has been regarded by but few as a science; the majority of cultivators seemed to consider the breaking the surface of the soil for three or four inches in depth, and depositing the seed, and a slight cultivation of summer crops the perfection of farming, but recent practice and experience have exposed these errors and are beginning to develope important improvements in every department of farming. Until the East stretched forth her iron bands and became so intimately connected with the great West, wheat was only grown for home consumption and but little effort was necessary to produce more than was required for this purpose. Ordinarily the seed was sown upon a portion of the corn ground, before the corn was harvested, and this of course would admit of but imperfect preparation of the soil, and a full crop could not be expected, but in favorable seasons this course secured more than was required for family use, and the low price would not warrant the transportation of the surplus at any remote market. But the establishment of numerous railroads and the improvements in water communication have advanced and equalized the price until wheat has become one of our most profitable staples. These circumstances have led to some improvement in the cultivation of this crop, yet there is room for still greater improvement. Of all the crops cultivated there is none subject to so many vicissitudes and enemies as the wheat crop, and none that requires a more thorough knowledge and greater care in its cultivation.—Nor is there any crop grown that more rapidly exhausts the soil, or in which there is a greater falling off from repeated crops on the same land. These facts should lead every farmer to make the most careful investigations and adopt the most thorough system of cultivation and make numerous experiments in regard to drainage, different modes of culture, different varieties of seed, as well as different times of seeding, &c., and give to the world the various results through the Valley Farmer.

We propose to offer some remarks upon the culture of the wheat crop which may be adopted by those who do not practice a better method. In many parts of the country, wheat is mostly sown upon summer fallow, or upon clover turned under, say in August, or in time to afford a partial fermentation or decomposition before the time of sowing the seed. This method has recently been practiced by some of the best Kentucky farmers with the most encouraging results; but clover is seldom sown as it should be to the full extent of the wheat crop. The most common practice among the Western farmers is to fallow wheat after corn. But this does not afford that improvement to the land, nor so good a preparation of the soil as when sown after clover, for if put in amid the standing corn the preparation must necessarily be imperfectly performed, and if the corn is to be cut up and shocked much labor is required to perform this on an extensive scale and frequently results in getting the seed into the ground at too late a period to afford the plants a full time to become so firmly rooted as to resist the heaving influences of the winter frosts.

When wheat is to follow corn, the most thorough preparation of the soil for the corn should be made by deep plowing, &c. The extra labor bestowed in this way will be doubly compensated by the increased yield of corn, besides leaving the ground in a better condition to receive the wheat, whether it is to be put in while the corn is standing or after it is shocked. It is claimed by some tolerable farmers that nothing is lost by sowing wheat among standing corn, for although the ground can be but imperfectly prepared the protection afforded to the growing wheat during winter by the corn stalks is more than compensated for any lack of preparation. Whether this be so or not, it is a slovenly practice and should be discarded.

We have never seen more thorough preparation of land for wheat than is generally practiced by the farmers of the Genesee valley and the wheat growing districts of New York. The course generally pursued there is, to sow upon summer fallow, and the preparation is as thorough as would be required for a garden. The same care on our Western lands, we have no doubt would add at least twenty-five per cent to the general product.

Selection and Preparation of the Seed.—The choice of seed both as to quality and its variety and its preparation are matters of the first importance.—Some varieties of wheat are better adapted to certain localities and soils than others. Some mature earlier and escape the effects of rust and destruction by insects. Choice in these matters must be guided by experience.—A little care and observation on this point, and the result made public, would prove of utmost advantage to farmers in general. It is seldom that the seed receives the proper care in freeing it from inferior grains and foul seed that is necessary. Immature or imperfect seed will not produce a vigorous plant and a full crop; such plants are only an incumbrance to the more perfect ones. Seed wheat, like seed corn should be selected in the field, the portion chosen should be passed over just before the crop comes into blossom and all the rye, cheat and mixed varieties of wheat pulled out. When harvested and threshed it should be thoroughly cleaned, by being several times run through the fan. Where cheat has been harvested with the seed much of it may be removed by running it thro' the fan the last time after removing all the riddles, feeding slow and turning with a moderate and steady hand. But to complete the process of cleaning, a steep of brine, or a solution of blue vitriol or copperas, into which the seed should be put, taking care to skim off all light and imperfect grains, cheat and other foul seed that will float upon the surface. These being removed and after soaking a few hours the wheat should be drained and then rolled in dry air slacked lime, when it is ready to sow. This will generally prevent smut by destroying the vitality of the sporules from which it is supposed this fungus is produced. Care in these particulars will be doubly compensated in the purity and increase of the crop.

Method of Seeding.—Drilling seed grain is no longer a problem; for years past those who have practiced this method of seeding have been convinced of its advantages, but the effects of the past season have produced the most conclusive testimony in favor of the drill. The winter, in many parts, was excessively wet, and the effects of frost upon the growing crop was more severe than it has been for many years past. The wheat sown broad-cast in many instances was entirely killed out and in others materially injured, while that which was drilled became uniformly and firmly rooted and withstood the effects of frost almost unharmed. Besides this advantage there are others in favor of this system of seeding.—Drilled grain, when the rows run north and south, receives the more direct influence of the sun which is a partial protection against rust. The saving of seed alone upon any considerable farm, will, in a short time more than pay the cost of the drill, while the increased yield is from *ten* to *fifty* per cent.

Salting Hay.

We frequently find notices of salting hay, and also of the injurious effects, in many instances, resulting from it.—We give from the farm report of L. D. Clift, of Putnam county, N. Y., in the volume of Transactions of the N. Y. State Society for 1857, a preparation that has proved highly beneficial, and obviates the difficulties attending the use of salt:

Preparation for Hay in the Mow.—I have used, for several years, the following preparation for my hay:—*Two parts of slacked or quick lime to one of salt.* The salt to be mixed with the lime until entirely dissolved and the mass becomes a powder. Upon a load or ton of hay, at intervals in mowing or stacking, use from ten to fifteen quarts, dusted evenly over the hay.—I formerly used salt alone, but the men would often use too much, so that it was injurious to the stock. The above mixture obviates this—it corrects the acidity and sourness of the hay, and I do not recollect a sick animal since I commenced its use. Horses troubled with the heaves are greatly relieved by feeding upon hay thus prepared, and I am satisfied it is a preventative of the heaves. My horses are kept in the stable the year round, well groomed, and they do far more work and wear longer than when suffered to run during the summer.

A light, rich soil, abounding in vegetable mold, produces the earliest peas.

Science and Art.

One Reason for Cold on Elevations.

It is a curious scientific fact that the atoms of air, as we ascend, are at greater distances from each other. If the distance between any two atoms is diminished, they give out heat, or render it sensible; whereas if the distance between them be increased, they store it away. The upper strata are sensibly colder than the lower, not because the atoms have less heat, but because the heat is diffused through a larger space when the atoms are farther apart. One pound of air at the level of the sea, within the tropics, may be said to contain no more heat than the same weight at the top of the highest mountain, perpetually covered with snow. It is for this reason that the same wind which is warm in the valley, becomes colder as it ascends the sides of the mountain. The diminishing pressure allows the air to expand and store away its heat. It is, therefore, not the snow on the tops of the mountains which cools the air, but it is the rarity of the air which keeps the snow itself from melting. As a general law, the decrease of temperature amounts to one degree, Fahrenheit, for every three hundred feet in perpendicular height.

Every Man his own Insurer.

The following suggestions to housekeepers, and those erecting new buildings, may not be valueless:—Keep matches in metal boxes, and out of the reach of children. Wax matches are particularly dangerous, and should be kept out of the way of rats and mice. Fill fluid or camphene lamps only by daylight, and never near a fire or light. Far better to dispense with them altogether. Do not deposit coal or wood ashes in wooden vessels, and be sure burning cinders are extinguished before deposited. Never take a light or ashes under a staircase. Never take a light to examine a gas meter. Be careful never to place gas or other lights near curtains. Never take a light into a closet. Do not read in bed by candle or lamplight. Place glass shades over gas lights in show windows, and do not crowd goods near them.—No smoking should be permitted in ware houses or barns. Where furnaces are used, the principal register should always be fastened open. Build all chimneys from the earth. Stove pipes should be at least four inches from woodwork, guarded by tin, and enter substantial brick chimneys horizontally.

Spirituous Liquors.—The long and rapid marches of the ancient Greek and Roman armies, the privations they underwent, far surpass the powers of modern European soldiers, and those men drank no fermented liquors.—Some of our Indian regiments possess the same traits, and their religion and customs deny them fermented liquors. Sir John Moore's army were found to improve in health during their distressing retreat to Corunna, as soon as the usual allowance of wine was unattainable.—*English Herald.*

Power of the Sun.—A distinguished chemist, in a recent lecture, while showing that all species of moving power, have their origin in the rays of the sun, stated that while the iron tubular railroad bridge over the Menai straits in England, four hundred feet long, bent but half an inch under the heaviest pressure of a train, it will bend an inch and a half from its usual horizontal line, when the sun shines upon it for some hours. He stated that Bunker Hill monument is higher in the evening than in the morning of a sunny day; the little sunbeams enter the pores of the stones like so many wedges lifting it up.

A Philadelphia dentist is stated, in an exchange, to have invented what he calls a galvanic forceps, which is intended as a relief to the pain of extracting teeth. It is a combination of the ordinary forceps, with a galvanic arrangement attached, whereby the nerve of the tooth may be so charged with the galvanic influence that its sensibility will be partially suspended.

California has passed a law to make the scientific development of the human body the order of the school hours upon the Pacific. All her common schools are to have apparatus and teachers of gymnastics; and with her delicious climate and extraordinary civilization, she will keep the lead she has got of all the States.

The Portuguese Government has invited tenders for the construction of an artificial port at the island of St. Michael, in the Azores, individuals or companies, native or foreign, may join in the competition.

Joker's Column.

Uncle Ben's Ram.

Uncle Ben was a queer old man,
And a queer old man was he;
He owned a ram—and a butting ram;
In fact, his butting propensities prompted him to butt every thing buttable he could see.

His fat old wife never used a stool;
To milk she would ne'er sit down;
And though old Ben called her a fool,
Yet she would never hearken to his advice; but to reciprocate the favor, she called him a clown.

But one sad morn as Brindle stood
Beneath the stately pear,
Old Ben's wife, in merry mood,
Was milking her—occupying her usual position, with but little care.

The ram and Ben the fact espied,
And loudly Ben did shout;
"Squat down, squat down!" he sternly cried,
But she didn't hear him, and before he could interfere the ram had turned his fat old wife about.

Old uncle Ben was very wroth,
Ah, very wroth was he;
He took the grind-stone from his trough,
And tying a rope to it, hung it on a limb of the old pear tree.

Then like a heavy pendulum
He swung the mighty rock;
Which seemed to say, "I am up for fun,
Mr. Ram, so just come on, will you, and take an affectionate knock!"

Right briskly then the fight begun;
The stone would not "give in."
And Ben's old ram would yield to none,
So he butted all day. And when Uncle Ben went to bed he was still butting like all sin

And when old Ben came next day,
And went into the lawn,
The ram had butted himself away,
And everything under Heaven, but about two inches of his tail, used up—completely gone.

Talk about Marriage.—In the St. Louis Recorder's Court, recently, Alexander McMann was fined five dollars for stealing wood from the steamboat Hannibal, and was asked by his honor to fork over.

"C-c-can't do it," he muttered; "ain't got the pewter, your Honor."

"Are you a married man?" inquired the Recorder.

"Oh no, not exactly s-s-so far gone yet sir."

"Well, I will have to send you to the work-house," said the Recorder.

"T-t-taint nothin' t-t-to go t-there," said Alleck, "I-I-I'am used to it; but when you t-t-talked about m-m-marriage, old fellow, you f-f-frightened me."

The following is too good to be lost. It is often made a subject of complaint that ministers of the gospel participate in political matters. An anecdote of a Mr. Field, who lived in Vermont several years ago, contains a good reply. As the reverend gentleman went, at a time, to deposit his vote, the officer who received it being a friend and parishioner, but of opposite politics, remarked:

"I am sorry, Mr. Field, to see you here."

"Why?" asked Mr. F.

"Because," said the officer, "Christ said his kingdom was not of this world."

"Has no one a right to vote," asked Mr. F., "unless he belongs to the kingdom of Satan?"

One day at dinner, Smith—we are too indignant to say the Reverend Sydney Smith—was dining at Highgate, where he met with the rector of Hornsby, who was very learned, very rich and very religious. The rector, like a good man as he was, reflected severely upon the improvidence of the poor, and also upon their increasing numbers, which he considered a great evil. He wound up his diatribe by saying:

"That the great evil of the day was the *surplus* population."

"I quite agree with you," retorted the profane Smith, "the *surplice* population is becoming a great evil."

A woman is always at the bottom of trouble. You remember the story of the Shah of Persia. When he was told that a workman had fallen from a ladder, he called out:

"Who is she? who is she?"

"Please your majesty, 'tis a he."

"Nonsense!" said the shah, "there's never an accident without a woman; who is she?"

The shah was right; the man had fallen from his ladder because he was looking at a woman in a window opposite. Many a man does this in other countries besides Persia.

"What do you wish to get in your two bottles?" said a grocer to a little boy, as he entered his store.

"Mother wants a cent's worth of your best yeast."

"Which bottle will you have it in?"

"I'll have it in both of 'em. And will you please put a cork in them? Can't you send it home, 'cause I'm going another way?"

"Well, where is your cent?"

"Mother says you must charge it."